Something new for the needleworker! This beautiful design can be transferred by the new process explained below without using the old, tedious tracing paper method.

DESIGN FOR PILLOW CASE END

SOMEONE says, "Only the rich can afford the handsome linen pieces for beds." Not so, where women have the ability to make their own dainty pieces. Very expensive, indeed, are store articles, but we give you designs which you can embroider and save not cents, but dollars.

The large pattern should be made in eyelet and satin stitch. The ribbon should be solidly embroidered. Always work ribbon on the slant, not straight across or lengthwise. Outline leaves; work flower petals in eyelet and finish centers in French knots.

The smallest pattern is completed in eyelet, the ribbons solidly worked. This patterns would be neat on large pillows, and its delicate design suggests itself usefully on the crib pillow.

Pillow sets make handsome Christmas gifts, and summer workers have sufficient time to do this bit of work right now.

TO TRANSFER THIS DESIGN.

Put a cake of soap (laundry soap will do) in a pint of hot water, stir vigorously and remove the soap. Saturate this Design with the soap and water mixture, then remove the excess moisture by partially drying the saturated Design or by applying a sheet of blotting paper. Place the material or fabric to which the design is to be transferred on a hard, flat surface and lay the Design, face down, upon the material. Cover with a dry sheet of thick paper or two folds of newspaper, and with the bowl of a tablespoon rub, pressing hard, until the Design is entirely transferred, being careful to rub from, rather than toward you. When rubbing, you can see if enough pressure is being applied by lifting a corner of the Design to note how well it's taking. Do not wet the material nor rub the face of the Design with damp fingers. To remove the Design lines after the article is completed, wash in warm water, with soap. The entire process is very simple and with a little care you can easily make perfect transfers to any kind of goods.

LUCK OF SOME WOMEN

Others Attain Wealth and Position by Use of Their Brains and Beauty, or Cleverness.

Is it brains, or just luck, that favors women—some women—from cradle to grave?

A British princess, with no particular beauty to speak of, loses her affianced husband by death; would appear to be condemned to quasi-widowhood indefinitely by public opinion, and finds that all the royal power of the family is united to marry her to her fiance's brother and so achieve the title of Queen Mary and an empress' throne, anyway, says the Philadelphia North American.

An unknown school teacher, hardly ever heard of outside her own city, suddenly is lifted into a position no woman ever before held, and through it attains national prominence. Brains had something to do with it, but was luck absent?

A splendidly beautiful queen, whose intelligence, devotion, and courage make this modern world compare her to the ancient heroines, finds husband and oldest son suddenly corpses at her side, tragic, mute witnesses of the futility of all her hopes and endeavors. The unhappy destiny of Portugal's Queen Amelie is transferred into a ceaseless anguish of terror in Russia, where the Czarina, as lovely, as devoted, and as wise a helpmate, breaks under the hourly apprehension that the fate of those dear ones of Queen Amelie may be the fate of hers.

Do beauty, brains, virtue—all the excellences—ever avail for women, or is it that the goddess of luck still rules the modern, commonplace world, maliciously tricky at the trick of any idle whim?

No Solution to Problem.

Both hemispheres bear witness to the mystery, and neither, with all its modern instances, can avail for the solution.

Love, to the romantic soul, always seems to play some determining part. But the balance rises and falls just as astoundingly where woman's heart doesn't throb one beat the faster, where man and his help or his opposition figure not at all.

The career of Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, whose name is now known the world over, has been a succession of triumphs until, so far as any popular or expert verdict in this country can go to-day, she is acknowledged as the leader of the profession of teaching, holding as she does the two distinguished posts, one as the chief of Chicago's school system, the other as head of the organized teachers of the nation.

Brains? There is no friend of Mrs. Young who will brook the word of dissent, as there are few of her opponents who will admit the evidence of her record.

Yet the most critical will scarcely deny that her talents were equaled, if not dazzlingly surpassed, by the unique genius of Mme. de la Ramee—"Ouida" of romancing fame. And, in spite of the large salary earned by Mrs. Young now, no one who knows the immense sums accruing to Ouida from the pen that wrote "Under Two Flags," "Chandos," and the rest of the tales that have numbered their readers by the millions will imagine that the American educator has in all her life gained so much as a tithe of the fortune Ouida earned. And it was the brilliant writer's fate to be found by pitying strangers, a miserable old hag, starving.

Perhaps the right kind of brains—brains that can keep money, as well as earn it—had been denied to her. Yet the highly paid and widely loved Clara Morris was prudent in her expenditures. All she longed for was a home, a place of safe harbor, where she might end her days in comfort. And sick, blind, poverty-stricken, she lay helpless after a magnificent struggle, while the home she had won but could not hold was sold over her head.

A Genius Who Died Poor.

Modjeska—supreme tragic actress, learned, universally revered—died almost as poor, an exile in a strange land.

But Maybelle Gilman, who could dance a little and sing some, has only to tilt her pretty lips up for fortune's lavish favors, and the wife who had borne the burden of a rich man's career was straightway put aside, and Maybelle became Mrs. Corey, with the nations of the earth, as they toiled with the steel of their industries, fighting to bring her tribute.

Camille Clifford—origin, servant girl—had the luck to find a humble place on the stage. She was even less of an actress, of a talented woman, than the nimble Maybelle. But her luck took her to London; the Hon. Henry Lyndhurst Bruce went the way of so many of the British nobility, and behold! Camille is transformed, Cinderella-like, into chatelaine of the honor of one of the most famous houses in Europe.

May Kinder used to go to work in the Roxborough telephone station from a little four-room house among the rocky heights environing Philadelphia's time-honored suburb, Manayunk. She was a peach. What happens to telephone peaches in Oshkosh, as well as Manayunk, is usually that some sensible, ardent admirer hastens to gather them as soon as they are ripe, and thereafter they toil and they spin and they grow into grandmotherhood with a grateful appreciation of the luck that happens to favor them enough to let them own the roof over their heads.

Far was anything like that from May, of Manayunk. She shed her earpiece all at once, as a butterfly sheds its shell; and off she flew to the stage, to the Pacific Coast, to the arms of Leslie Coggins—whom Manayunk still describes with bated breath as a millionaire cowboy—to divorce, to the arms of the Hon. Henry Jacob Delaval Astley, and a place in the British nobility, no matter how the Hon. Jacob Delaval's haughty mamma might—and did—rage or repine over the match.

But to Irene Clayton, in Maryland, when "Lord" Henry Stanley, the impudent knockabout comedian who needed money, came a-wooing, and her trusting woman's heart yielded to the dazzlement of her inexperienced country mind, the marriage brought only profound shame and misery of three years over the deception the impostor had practiced on her. Her morals and her whole life were beyond criticism. Yet blind, mischievous, malicious chance chose that poor woman to be the butt of its one joke in shuffling the cards for American marriages with itinerant nobility.

Blaine and His Wives.

It seems almost as though the fate that handles women's affairs chose its instruments of fortune when the marriages and divorces that surrounded the career of James G Blaine, jr., are studied in the light of the women who have quit him. Marie Nevins, his first wife, was of origin so lowly that there was the usual rumpus over the brilliant young heir's mesalliance. It ended there with pretty Marie getting a divorce. It was her mascot, for she soon married the famous Dr. William Bull, among the foremost in his profession in the United States, and very wealthy. During his last illness the erstwhile Marie Nevins, not good enough socially for the haughty Blaines, was honored by every one in society; and now, as his widow, she inherits his fortune and has a social position that lets her smile in calm disdain of the family that once despised her.

Blaine's second wife, who was Miss Martha Hitchborn, daughter of an admiral of the American navy, yet none too rich for all that, had only to divorce herself from the son of the famous statesman to find Lieut Paul S. Pearsoll, a very wealthy officer of the navy, fall head over heels in love with her and make all haste to marry.

Now, these women were pretty, worthy, intelligent, and, after bad luck, highly fortunate. For years public opinion would have classed with them, as the most lucky of the trio, the starch, devoted woman who was known as Mrs. Dodge while she kept a boarding-house in New York City.

A rising young financier boarded with her, fell in love and married her. They were very happy. Then the husband's uncle, in New England, took it into his head to investigate her divorce from Dodge. That was the most startling scandal that has been known in American divorce annals, for it ended with the notorious Abe Hummel disbarred and in jail, with the woman proved to have been illegally married to her second husband, and with their happiness apparently wrecked. But both of them brought into play true dignity and true love. They lived apart until the tangle was straightened; they married again; they remained a model couple until a fortune of $20,000,000 had been won by the husband. It couldn't be luck, virtue, honesty, industry, devotion—such qualities alone could have triumphed over those daunting obstacles.

Whereupon the husband, Charles Morse, went to jail for rank dishonesty; absolutely no mercy was shown him; his sentence was crushingly severe; the woman who had shared his wealth and honor alone remained faithful to him. And she, only the other day, while she was gathering together her possessions to fight for his release, was robbed of one of her most valuable jewels. Deserving everything of fortune, she has been the football of fate.

When Luck's at Its Worst.

It has been that way with so many women, all deserving the best that Providence can give and receiving the worst that fate can mete out. The most tragic figure in the whole Thaw murder case, not even excepting Mrs. Stanford White in her unhappiness, was that of Mrs. William Thaw, the mother of the young murderer, doomed to suffer all the anguish a mother's heart can endure and to have added to it the wretchedness of her daughter's marriage to a conscienceless British blackguard.

The Countess Lonyay, loving and faithful wife of Austria's crown price, was given a corpse where she had had a husband when the assassin committed his crime; then, when she married again, seeking in the humbler nobility the domestic peace denied her amid royalty, she found her husband as neglectful of her as she had been devoted to his predecessor.

Even Mrs. Fannie Burke-Roche Batonyi could have been happy with whichever husband she had chosen, up to the last, if some marplot of luck—Batonyi swears it was her too wealthy and proud father—had not invariably interfered just when she was most content.

It may be that woman's frequent contemplation of fortune's trickiness accounts for the clergyman's dictum about their intuitive faith:

"Women are mortally afraid to believe there is a hell; but they are profoundly convinced there ought to be a heaven."

OPEN WINDOWS ON ZERO DAYS.

Remarkable Results with Heatless School Rooms in Chicago.

The Chicago educational system has originated a new verb—"to humidify." The meaning is simple: All hot air, before entering the school room, is passed through jets of water or of steam. It now picks up its moisture in "humidifying" chambers in the basement, instead of in the throats and nasal passages of the children and teachers, says Burton J. Hendricks, in McClure's.

Principal Watt, head of one of the schools in the stock yards district, has gone even further. In the lower grades of his school he began the experiment, last winter, of abolishing heat altogether. In these rooms he has adopted a new educational motto: "Less instruction and more oxygen." In keeping with this these little children no longer sit together at desks, with folded hands. The desks have been removed, kindergarten chairs have been brought in and the pupils given the utmost freedom of movement. In cold winter weather they wear their wraps and hats—and these are their only source of heat. In zero weather they sit at their table in front of open, "drafty" windows. Their fingers do not get so numb that they cannot write on the blackboards and physical discomfort is unknown.

One day last winter when the thermometer registered 10 below zero a woman school visitor came into one of these cold rooms. She was horrified at what she described as "cruelty." But the children simply grinned. They enjoyed the change immensely and have nicknamed the old hot-air place the "hospital rooms," because there are so many sick children in them. Their parents likewise are enthusiastic.

There are reasons in plenty for this attitude. Colds, glandular troubles, the normal afflictions of school life, have virtually disappeared, and the mentality of the children has responded to the change. By Chirstmas practically all of the children in the cold air rooms had finished their year's work! They were learning to read and write almost unconsciously. And the teachers who had previously been irritable, listless, despondent, sick of life, and sick of teaching had regained their early zeal.

Points in Playwriting.

Vanderheyden Fyles, in August Forum.

In a recent chat Sir Arthur Pinero defined his idea of the three qualities desirable, if not indeed, essential, to every line written for a play.

His first point was that no line should be retained that did not carry the story of the play forward. Second, it should if possible, reveal or accentuate some element of the character who speaks it. Third—but only after having heeded both other requirements, and in their order—the line should be as amusing in itself as the author's wit can make it.

THE FUTURE AMERICAN

Boston Says Yankees Are the Most Hopeless Degenerates in the Country.

From the Boston Transcript.

Nationally, the term American means and must continue to mean a citizen of this great republic. Ethnologically, it has a constantly shifting significance. There is frequent lament lest the "old stock" shall disappear, and the virtues which it implanted and the lofty principles upon which it erected the great structure of civil and religious liberty shall go with it. With the new leavening that is every year in progress from within and without, there is an apparent basis for this apprehension, though the prospect is not so alarming as some would have us think. The destinies of most countries are worked out in ways apparently more or less mysterious, and our own is no exception. We maintain, and with good reason, that we are making a steady advance along the higher levels of human progress. Our standards of justice are higher, the public conscience is growing more sensitive, the provision for general education is being constantly increased and strengthened, and it is regarded as a reproach to wealth not to be also associated with philanthropy.

With such evident tendencies and aspirations, such increasingly exacting requirements in the code of social, business, and public life, why is it necessary to worry over the strain of blood that courses in the citizenship behind it? It is as plain as possible that we are not a degenerate nation. Were it otherwise there would be cause for alarm and even consternation. Our chance for salvation would be small indeed. It is a comforting reflection that the nations which have degenerated have generally done so from a homogeneous and primal stock. We should felicitate ourselves that we are in no danger of such a fate under like conditions.

But we have degenerates, and the most hopeless of them are Yankees, or their equivalents; that is, the descendants of original stock in this country. If names signify anything, Silas Phelps, "the bad man of Franklin County," just captured, is one of them. There is evidently nothing in him upon which to build. He has not shown himself interesting even as a desperado. He started out a walking arsenal to defy the world and surrendered because he was thirsty; and there are many of his kind, though generally of a less exaggerated type, making themselves a curse to New England communities. He is doubtless descended from respectable ancestors, but the descent has been so great as to destroy all hope of recovery. Among the "poor whites" of the South are many of similar traits and tendencies, but they are about the "purest" Americans in the country. Perhaps the mountain whites should be excepted, since with them it is more largely a case of arrested development.

There are to-day many types of Americans. At some future time there will be evolved a new type and a more distinctively national one than we have ever known. It will be an interesting composite, a blend of many strains. We are rapidly gathering the material for it. It will be a product of environment, opportunity, and the survival of the fittest. Perhaps the "good old stock" will continue to leaven it, but to do so it must, like the new elements that will enter into it, develop upward and not downward. If we will divest ourselves of our prejudices we shall find our pessimism largely an optimistic and national belief that the ultimate American will be a splendid product of the world's civilization, worthy of all the traditions and struggles upon which rests the structures of nationality and citizenship.

George V a Reader.

Exchange.

King Edward never read a book. King George is reading all the time. As Prince of Wales, he regularly attended the debates in the House of Commons, and when he went home put in an hour or two's study of blue books on the subject of the debate that he had heard. During the last six months he has made a careful study of all the leading authorities on the British constitution. He has read widely on socialism and social reform; he has never ceased to be an expert on naval matters. He is quiet, tireless, and thorough. He cares little for the light side of life. On the rare occasions that his wife was away from town and he was left alone at Marlborough House, it was his custom to dine with one of his equerries at the Marlborough Club and go to bed at 10:30 each night. King Edward knew nothing of literature. Indeed, when the most famous imaginative writer of his time was recommended to him for the Order of Merit, he asked quite simply: "Who is George Meredith?" On the other hand King George finds his relaxation in serious fiction and he has recently read the whole of Thomas Hardy.